

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,

There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?

I loue thee more, and more: I thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. He tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing aliue.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistris:

Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Imo. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Imo. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Imo. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake.

Imo. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Athena*,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wining,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Imo. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture; which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspaking sorters.

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th' purpose.

Imo. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of 's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesse of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of 's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: a uerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now.

Post. I so thou do'st,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some

Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesse villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part,

Pisa. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall toy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Cym. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If *Pasanio*
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vild, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soule,

Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Fleish? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,

You had

Cym.

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